

"WHERE'S THE MONEY?"

"Oh, I've done well to-day," he said; "I gave a man whose horse was dead new hope and saw him push ahead." His wife asked: "Where's the money?" You gave another hope, you say; What profit have you in return? No footman waits on me to-day. And few with envy of me burn—Where's the money?"

"Oh, I've done well," he said again; "A golden sentence from my pen has earned the praise of thoughtful men." His wife asked: "Where's the money?" Your golden sentences may please A few poor mortals here below; But, oh, they do not bring us ease Or splendor such as I would know—Where's the money?"

"Oh, I've done well," he said once more; "My honor spreads from shore to shore, Success is mine." But as before His wife asked: "Where's the money?" How have you won success, I pray, When I am still compelled to save And you are forced to work away As if you were some shackled slave?—Where's the money?"

"I wonder," he sighed, "if up there, too, When the man who has done his best in through And stands to be judged at the grand review

They'll ask him: 'Where's the money?' When he proudly says: 'I have tried to be A gentleman and to make my name One men may mention reverently, Will they still, in cold, hard tones, exclaim: "Where's the money?"'

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

The Lost Continent

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

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CHAPTER XII.

AGAIN THE GODS MAKE CHANGE.

Now it would be tedious to tell how, with a handful of highly-trained fighting men, I charged and recharged, and finally broke up that horde of rebels which outnumbered us by 15 times. It must be remembered that they grew suddenly panic-stricken in finding that of all those who went in under the city walls by the mine on which they had set such great store none came back, and that the sounds of panic which had first broken out within the city soon gave way to cries of triumph and joy. And it must be carried in memory also that the wretched rebels were without training worthy of the name, were for the most part armed with spears, and, seeing that their silly principles made each the equal of his neighbor, were practically without heads or leaders also.

So when the panic began to spread like a malignant murrain through all their ragged ranks, and there were none to rally the flying, none to direct those of more desperate bravery who stayed and fought.

My scheme of attack was simple. I hunted them without a halt. I and my fellows never stopped to play the defensive. We turned one flank, and charged through a center, and then we were harrying the other flank, and once more hacking our passage through the solid mass. And so by constantly keeping them on the run, and in ignorance of whence would come the next attack, panic began to grow among them and ferment, till presently those in the outer lines commenced to scurry away towards the forests and the spoiled cornlands of the country, and those in the inner packs were only wishful for a chance to follow them.

It was no feat of arms, this breaking up of the rebel leaguer, and no practiced soldier would wish to claim it as such. It was simply taking advantage of the chances of the moment, and as such it was successful. Given an open battle on their own ground, these desperate rebels would have fought till none could stand, and by sheer ferocious numbers would have pulled down any trained troops that the city could have sent against them, whether they had advanced in phalanx or what formation you will. For it must be remembered they were far removed from cowards, being Atlantean all, just as were those within the city, and were, moreover, spurred to extraordinary savagery and desperation by the oppression under which they had groaned and the wrongs they had been forced to endure.

Still, as I say, the poor creatures were scattered, and the siege was raised from that moment; and it was plain to see that the rebellion might be made to end if no unreasonable harshness was used for its final suppression. Too great severity, though perhaps it may be justly their portion, only drives such malcontents to further desperations.

Now following up these fugitives to make sure that there was no halt in their retreat, and to send the lesson of panic thoroughly home to them, had led us a long distance from the city walls; and as we had fought all through the burning heat of the day and my men were heavily wearied, I decided to halt where we were for the night among some half-ruined houses which would make a temporary fortification. Fortunately a drove of little cloven-hoofed horses which had been scared by some of the rebels in their flight happened to blunder into our lines, and as we killed five before they were clear again, there was a soldier's supper for us, and quickly the fires were lit and cooking it.

Sentries paced the outskirts and made their cries to one another, and the wounded sat by the fires and dressed their hurts; and with the officers I talked over the engagements of the day, and the methods of each charge, and the other details of the fighting. It is the special perquisite of soldiers to daily over these matters

with gusto, though they are entirely without interest for laymen.

The hour drew on for sleep, and snores went up from every side. It was clear that all my officers were wearied out, and only continued the talk through deference to their commander. Yet I had a feverish dread of being left alone again with my thoughts, and pressed them on with conversation remorselessly. But in the end they were saved the rudeness of dropping off into unconsciousness during my talk. A sentry came up and saluted. "My lord," he reported, "there is a woman come up from the city whom we have caught trying to come into the bivouac."

"How is she named?" "She will not say."

"Has she business?" "She will say none. She demands only to see my lord."

"Bring her here to the fire," I ordered, and then on second thoughts remembering that the woman, whoever she might be, had news likely enough for my private ear (or otherwise she would not have come to so uncouth a rendezvous), I said to the sentry: "Stay," and got up from the ground beside the fire, and went with him to the outer line.

"Where is she?" I asked. "My comrades are holding her. She might be a wench belonging to these rebels, with designs to put a knife into my lord's heart, and then we sentries would suffer. The empress," he added, simply, "seems to set good store upon my lord at present, and we know the cleverness of her tormentors."

"Your thoughtfulness is frank," I said, and then he showed me the woman. She was muffled up in hood and cloak, but one who loved Nais as I loved could not mistake the form of Ylga, her twin and sister, because of mere swappings. So I told the sentries to release her without asking her for speech, and then led her out from the bivouac beyond earshot of their lines. "It is something of the most pressing that has brought you out here, Ylga?" "You know me, then? There must be something warmer than the ordinary between us two, Deucalion, if you could guess who walked beneath all these mufflings."

I let that pass. "But what's your errand, girl?"

"Aye," she said, bitterly, "there's my reward. All your concern's for the message, none for the carrier. Well, good my lord, you are husband to the dainty Phoenice no longer."

"This is news." "And true enough, too. She will have no more of you, divorces you, spurns you, thrusts you from her, and, after the first splutter of wrath is done, then come pains and penalties."

"The empress can do no wrong. I will have you speak respectful words of the empress."

"Oh, be done with that old fable! It sickens me. The woman was mad for love of you, and now she's mad with jealousy. She knows that you gave Nais some of your priest's magic, and that she sleeps till you choose to come and claim her, even though the day be a century from this. And if you wish to know the method of her enlightenment,

ment, it is simple. There is another air-shaft next the one down which you did your cooing and billing, and that leads to another cell in which lay another prisoner. The wretch heard all that passed, and thought to buy enlargement by telling it.

"But his news came a trifle stale. It seems that with the pressure of the morning's ceremonies they forgot to bring him a ration, and when at last his gaoler did remember him, it was rather late, seeing that by then Phoenice had tied herself publicly to a husband, and poor Nais had doubtless eaten her green drug. However, the fool must needs try and barter his tale for what it would fetch; and, as was natural, had such a silly head chopped off for his pains; and after that your Phoenice behaved as you may guess.

And now you may thank me, sir, for coming to warn you not to go back to Atlantis."

"But I shall go back. And if the empress chooses to cut my head also from its proper column, that is as the high gods will."

"You are more sick of life than I thought. But I think, sir, our Phoenice judges your case very accurately. It was permitted me to hear the outbursting of this lady's rage. 'Shall I hew off his head?' said she. 'Pah! Shall I give him over to my tormentors, and stand by while they do their worst? He would not wrinkle his brow at their fiercest efforts. No; he must have a heavier punishment than any of these, and one also which will endure. I shall lop off his right hand and his left foot, so that he may be a fighting man no longer, and then I shall drive him forth crippled into the dangerous lands, where he may learn fear. The beasts shall hunt him, the fires of the ground shall spoil his rest. He shall know bungee, and he shall

breeze bad air. And all the while he shall remember that I have Nais near me, living and locked in her coffin of stone, to play with as I choose, and to give over to what insults may come to my fancy. That is what she said, Deucalion. Now I ask you again will you go back to meet her vengeance?"

"No," I said, "it is no part of my plan to be mutilated and left to live."

"So, being a woman of some sense, I judged. And, moreover, having some small kindness still left for you, I have taken it upon myself to make a plan for your further movement which may fall in with your whim. Does the name of Tob come back to your memory?"

"One who was captain of Tath's navy?"

"That same Tob. A gruff, rude fellow, and smelling of tar, but seeming to have a sturdy honesty of his own. Tob sails away this night for parts unknown, presumably to found a kingdom with Tob for king. It seems he can find little enough to earn at his craft in Atlantis these latter days, and has scruples at seeing his wife and young ones hungry. He told me this at the harbor-side when I put my neck under the ax by saying I wanted carriage for you, sir; and so, having me under his thumb, he was perhaps more loose-lipped than usual. You seem to have made a fine impression on Tob, Deucalion. He said—I repeat his hearty disrespect—you were just the recruit he wanted, but whether you joined him or not, he would go to the nether gods to do you service."

"By the fellow's side I gained some experience in fighting the greater sea beasts."

"Well, go and do it again. Believe me, sir, it is your only chance. It would grieve me much to hear the searing iron hiss on your stumps. I bargained with Tob to get clear of the harbor forts before the chain was up for the night, and as he is a very daring fellow, with no fear of navigating under the darkness, he himself said he would come to a point of the shore which we agreed upon, and there await you. Come, Deucalion, let me lead you to the place."

"My girl," I said, "I see I owe you many thanks for what you have done on my poor behalf."

"Oh, your thanks!" she said, "you may keep them. I did not come out here in the dark and the dangers for mere thanks, though I knew well enough there would be little else offered." She plucked at my sleeve.

"Now show me your walking pace, sir. They will begin to want your countenance in the camp directly, and we need hanker after no too narrow inquiries for what's along."

So thereon we set off. Ylga and I, leaving the lights of the bivouac behind us, and she showed the way, while I carried my weapons ready to ward off attacks whether from beasts or from men. Few words were passed between us, except those which had concern with the dangers natural to the way. Once only did we touch one another, and that was where a tree-trunk bridged a rivulet of scalding water which flowed from a boiling spring towards the sea.

Presently, however, we came out through the trees, and the roughest part of our journey was done. We saw the ship riding to her anchors inshore a mile away, and a weird enough object she was under the faint starlight. We made our way to her along the level beaches.

Tob was keeping a keen watch. We were challenged the moment we came within stone or arrow shot, and bidden to halt and recite our business; but he was civil enough when he heard we were those whom he expected. He called a crew and slacked out his anchor-ropes till his ship dropped against the shingle, and then thrust out his two steering-oars to help us clamber aboard.

I turned to Ylga with words of thanks and farewell. "I will never forget what you have done for me this night; and should the high gods see fit to bring me back to Atlantis and power, you shall taste my gratitude."

"I do not want to return. I am sick of this old life here."

"But you have your place in the city, and your servants and your wealth, and Phoenice will not disturb you from their possession."

"Oh, as for that, I could go back and be fan-girl to-morrow. But I do not want to go back."

"Let me tell you it is no time for a gently nurtured lady like yourself to go forward. I have been viceroy of Yucatan, Ylga, and know somewhat of making a foothold in these new countries. And that was nothing compared with what this will be. I tell you it entails hardships and privations and sufferings which you could not guess at. Few survive who go to colonize in the beginning, and those only of the hardiest, and they earn new scars and new batterings every day."

"I do not care; and, besides, I can share the work. I can cook. I can shoot a good arrow, and I can make garments—yes, though they were cut from the skins of beasts and had to be sewn with back-bone sinews. Because you despise fine clothes, and because you have seen me only decked out as fan-girl, you think I am useless. Bah, Deucalion! never let people prate to me about your perfections. You know less about a woman than a boy new from school."

"I have learned all I care to know about one woman, and because of the memory of her I could not presume to ask her sister to come with me now."

"Aye," she said, bitterly, "kick my pride. I knew well enough it was only second place to Nais I could get all the time I was waiting to come. Yet no one but a boor would have reminded me of it. Gods! and to think that half the men in Atlantis have courted me, and now I am arrived at this!"

"I must go alone. It would have

made me happier to take your esteem with me. But as it is, I suppose I shall carry only your hate."

"That is the most humiliating thing of all; I cannot bring myself to hate you. I ought to, I know, after the brutal way you have scorned me. But I do not, and there is the truth. I seem to grow the fonder of you, and if I thought there was a way of keeping you alive and unmutilated here in Atlantis, I do not think I should point out that Tob is tired of waiting, and will probably be off without you." She flung her arms suddenly about my neck and kissed me hotly on the mouth.

"There, that is for good-by, dear. You see I am reckless. I care not what I do now, knowing that you cannot despise me more than you have done already for my forwardness."

She ran back from me into the edge of the trees.

"But this is foolishness," I said. "I must take you through the dangers that lie between here and some gate of the city, and then come back to the ship."

"You need not fear for me. The unhappy are always safe. And, besides, I have a way. It is my solace to know that you will remember me now. You will never forget that kiss."

"Fare you well, Ylga," I cried. "May the high gods keep you entirely in their holy care."

But no reply came back. She had gone off into the forest. And so I turned down to the beach, and plashed into the water, and climbed on board the ship up the steering-oar. Tob gave the word to haul the anchor and get her away from the beach.

[To Be Continued.]

"MEAN AMERICANS."

Story from the Birthplace of Shakespeare—The Minister's Office Was Not Accepted.

Under the above heading a London newspaper tells the following story: "The special preacher on Sunday at Stratford-on-Avon parish church was Rev. W. Baker Beall, and the collection was in aid of the diocesan branch of the Church of England Temperance Society. As usual, during the summer months, a very large number of Americans attended the morning service, at the conclusion of which they trooped into the chancel to look at Shakespeare's grave and monument. The large chancel, in fact, was nearly filled with well-dressed visitors, ladies and gentlemen, from across the Atlantic. They had been there but a short time when the vicar appeared among them, robed in his cassock, and, stepping into one of the priests' miserere stalls, admonished them for a mean act associated with the offertory. Holding in his hand a number of very insignificant copper coins, he mentioned that they had been found by the church wardens in the offertory plates. They were American coins of scarcely any value in the states and absolutely valueless in this country. Yet they had been put in the collection. Being entirely worthless, he wished to inform those who had put them in the plate that he was prepared to hand them back if they would come up and claim them. Needless to say, no one accepted the reverend gentleman's offer."

Aftermath of Popularity. "What is going on this evening over there in the hall that is all lit up?" inquired the drummer, who visited Pettyville often enough to be mildly interested in the affairs of the community.

"Wa-al, that's the Masonic temple, you know, upstairs over Tombs & Potter's undertakin' parlors," replied the landlord of the tavern. "The hall is used as a gatherin' place for the various lodges and orders of the village, and to-night it was to have been occupied by the regular session of the Old Bachelors' and Middle-Aged Widowers' Linen Pants and Solid Comfort club, but they kindly postponed it to let a passel of the young men have a conclave. You see, about a week ago they had a who-is-the-most-popular-girl-in-town contest at ten cents a vote, and to-night the young fellers are holdin' a who-went-the-flat-busted-on-the-most-popular-girl-in-town-contest-and-wat'll-good-did-it-do-him-anyhow experience meetin'."—Puck.

George Fox's Suit of Leather. Carlyle said that one of the most remarkable incidents in history was that of the making of George Fox's suit of leather. He made it himself. This man, the first of the Friends, and by trade a shoemaker, was one to whom the divine ideal of the universe seemed to be manifested. Fox made shoes until he became so interested in the books he had studied that he could not hold himself in check. He had to preach. He had no clothes fit to wear, so he made himself a leather suit that would withstand years of wear. Carlyle wrote: "Let some Angelo or Rosa picture George Fox on that morning when he spread out his cutting board for the last time and cut cowhides by unwonted patterns, and stitched them together into one continuous, all-including case, the farewell service of his awl."—Success.

Most Unfashionable. Mrs. Oldsule—She's a very cultured girl, is she not? Mrs. Swelman—Oh, no; very bad form.

"But she seems to be very musical!" "That's just it. Whenever she attends the opera she insists upon listening to the music."—Philadelphia Press.

Discouraged Him. Pearl—I am afraid Estelle ruined her prospect with the count. Ruby—How? "Why, she thought his mustache was a caterpillar and brushed it off."—Chicago Daily News.

IN A FIGHTING MOOD. Exciting Debate in Canadian House of Commons.

Ottawa, Ont., Feb. 20.—There was an exciting debate in the house of commons Wednesday on the Alaska boundary question. It was brought up by Henri Bourassa, who moved for all papers and correspondence connected with the Clayton-Bulwer treaty and the Alaska boundary. The premier said that the correspondence could not be brought down while negotiations were going on.

Mr. Bourassa did not see how that excuse could apply to the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. He pointed out that Canadian interests were always sacrificed by Britain to please the United States. Britain, like providence, wanted to be on the side of the big battalions. He pointed to the Alabama claims, the Trent affair, the Alaskan boundary, the placing of an embargo on Canadian cattle, the aiding of immigration to South Africa and other cases to show that Britain was always ready to sacrifice Canadian interests.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the premier, said that he was not an admirer of the British policy on the American continent, but he did not think that even Mr. Bourassa would ask that Britain should go to war with the United States. What was necessary was a little time to see if an amicable solution could be arrived at. Mr. S. E. Courlay, of Pictou, N. S., struck a fighting attitude and declared that he agreed with Mr. Bourassa, although he had never done so before. He accused Britain of always sacrificing Canada in its negotiations with the United States and rather than submit he and his family would go into the trenches and stay there for two years, if need be, to fight for the rights of Canada.

"If it is necessary," he said, "to fight the Yankees, we will fight within 24 hours, and after six months we will capture their capital and annex their country to Canada."

Mr. Bourassa then withdrew his motion.

ORDERED TO THE PHILIPPINES.

The Second Battalion 11th Infantry to Leave Porto Rico.

Washington, Feb. 20.—Orders were issued by Lieut. Gen. Miles, commanding the army, for the 2d battalion of the 11th Infantry, stationed at Mayaguez and Ponce, P. R., to proceed to San Francisco preparatory to service in the Philippines. The battalion probably will remain at San Francisco some time, as it is intended to recruit it there to the maximum. Orders also have been issued to prepare the headquarters and the 2d battalion of the 10th Infantry, stationed at Fort Crook, Neb., for transportation to the Philippines. These troops will start for San Francisco when relieved at Fort Crook by a battalion of the 22d Infantry now on its way home from the Philippines on the transport Hancock.

DEATH OF CALVIN C. BURT.

He Was at One Time Private Secretary to Gen. Louis Cass.

Detroit, Mich., Feb. 20.—Calvin C. Burt, aged 82 years, a lawyer well-known in Michigan and at one time private secretary to Gen. Lewis Cass, died here Wednesday. With Gen. Cass he traveled around the world in 1840, and at Paris the two were initiated in the Egyptian masonic rite of Memphis. Mr. Burt introduced this rite to this country, organizing orders in nearly every state. He practiced law in Chicago and was elected a judge there. He accumulated considerable property there, which he lost in the great fire.

Death of John A. Grow.

New York, Feb. 20.—John A. Grow, 73 years old, a well-known lawyer, died suddenly at his residence in this city of heart disease. He was appointed captain in the 25th New York battery at the outbreak of the civil war, serving until 1864, when he resigned because of wounds received while under Gen. Banks. He was a second cousin to Galusha Grow, congressman from Pennsylvania, and his wife was Rosetta Storrs, a sister of the late Emory Storrs, of Chicago.

To Abolish Bounties on Sugar.

London, Feb. 20.—Special dispatches received here from Brussels declare Germany willing to abolish the bounties on sugar and state that the international sugar conference will adopt the British proposals concerning the import duties on sugar.

A New Military Post.

Santa Fe, N. M., Feb. 20.—The federal land office at Santa Fe received orders Wednesday to withdraw from settlement six townships of land east and northeast of Albuquerque to be occupied as a new military post.

The Cramps Branching Out.

London, Feb. 20.—Wiring from Hamburg, a correspondent asserts positively that the Cramps are seeking permission to construct an enormous shipbuilding yard at Bremerhaven and later others at Kiel and Stettin.

Big Deal Completed.

Denver, Col., Feb. 20.—Negotiations which have been pending for some time involving the sale of the Denver City Tramway Co. to the Whitney-Bryan-Widener-Elkins syndicate of eastern investors for \$8,500,000, are said to have been practically completed.

Donations For Working People.

Berlin, Feb. 20.—The donations of companies and individuals in Germany for working people during the year 1901 reached 80,000,000 marks, an increase of 20,000,000 marks over the year 1900.

FIFTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS.

Washington, Feb. 14.—Senate—While no definite agreement has been reached a vote on the Philippine tariff bill in the senate seems to be in sight. It appears likely, judging from a discussion of the subject late in the day's session, that the vote may be had next week, although the matter yet is involved in some uncertainty.

House—The house unanimously adopted a resolution proposing an amendment to the constitution of the United States for the election of senators by direct popular vote. There was no demand for time to debate the question. This is the fourth time the house has adopted a similar resolution. Bills passed: To provide for the payment of the claims of Confederate officers and soldiers whose horses, side arms and baggage were taken from them by union soldiers contrary to the terms of the surrender of Lee's and Johnson's armies. The amount to be paid under the bill was limited to \$50,000; to confer on the Spanish claims commission authority to send for persons and papers and to punish for contempt.

Washington, Feb. 15.—Senate—The bill creating a permanent census office was under consideration Friday for a time, but was not disposed of finally. After the passage of a large number of private pension bills, the senate eulogized the life and character of the late Representative Brosius (Pa.).

House—During the day 125 private pension bills were passed in 37 minutes. House adjourned until Monday. The monotony of a private pension day of the house was enlivened by a sensational speech from Mr. Wheeler (Ky.) in denunciation of what he denominated "funkeyism" to foreign countries. He took the recent statements emanating from continental cabinets regarding the attitude of Great Britain during the Spanish war as a text for a wholesale attack upon the trend of our recent diplomacy.

Washington, Feb. 18.—Senate—After an extended debate the senate passed the bill establishing a permanent census office. Other bills were passed as follows: To promote the efficiency of the revenue cutter service, the principal feature of the measure being provisions for the retirement of revenue cutter officers; authorizing the secretary of the navy to give to Harvard university certain colors, silver cup and a Nordenfjeldt gun; providing for the retirement of petty officers and enlisted men of the navy; to provide for the extension of the charters of national banks; authorizing the commissioner of internal revenue to turn bank checks, drafts, certificates of deposit and orders for the payment of money having imprinted stamps thereon, to the owners thereof; to place Henry Biederbick, P. R. Fredrick, Francis Long and Maurice Connell, survivors of the Lady Franklin bay expedition, on the retired list of the army.

House—The unexpected happened in the house Monday when the bill to repeal the war revenue taxes was passed unanimously without a word of debate.

Washington, Feb. 19.—Senate—It was agreed by the senate Tuesday that a final vote on the Philippine tariff bill and the pending amendments should be taken next Monday afternoon at 4 o'clock. The only stipulation made by the minority was that the last day's debate should be devoted to speeches not exceeding 15 minutes in duration. Senator Wellington (Md.) spoke Tuesday in opposition to the pending bill, and Senator Stewart (Nev.) in support of the measure.

House—Mr. Hill (Ct.) and Mr. Shefroth (Col.) discussed the former's bill to redeem silver in gold. Mr. Burleson (Tex.) criticized the president for changing his position on trusts. Other speakers were Reid (dem., Ark.); Sutherland (rep., Utah); Padgett (dem., Tenn.); Pou (dem., S. C.); and Robinson (dem., Ind.). The Indian bill itself was not touched in this speech-making.

Washington, Feb. 20.—Senate—The senate continued the consideration of the Philippine tariff bill Wednesday, the main speeches being made by Mr. Burrows (Mich.), for the bill, and Mr. Money (Miss.), against it, although Mr. Mitchell (Ore.), Mr. Foraker (O.), Mr. Mallory (Fla.) and Mr. Tillman (S. C.) all took more or less part in the general debate on the subject.

House—Again the general debate on the Indian appropriation bill was devoted almost entirely to extemporaneous topics. Mr. Hamilton (rep., Mich.) enlivened the proceedings with an interesting speech on trusts. The other speakers were Mr. Little (Ark.), who discussed conditions in the Indian territory; Mr. Corliss (Mich.), who spoke on the Pacific cable; Mr. Stephens (Tex.) on statehood for Oklahoma; Mr. Sulzer (N. Y.), on increased pay for letter carriers; Mr. Fitzgerald (N. Y.), on the education of the Indians; Mr. Jackson (Kan.), on the election of senators by the people, and Mr. Newlands (Nev.), on the bill to redeem silver dollars in gold.

Sight-Seeing at Niagara Falls.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., Feb. 20.—The officers of the imperial yacht Hohenzollern, who arrived here Tuesday night, spent the day in sight-seeing. Capt. Lieut. Von Deroset said the scenery through the gorge was worth coming all the way from Germany to see.

Twenty Soldiers Fined.

Cheyenne, Wyo., Feb. 20.—Twenty soldiers of the 18th Infantry were fined \$2 each by court-martial for being absent at church beyond the time specified for their return. The soldiers were given leave of absence until evening roll call failed to appear.

A Sensation in Parliament.

London, Feb. 18.—A sensation was caused in parliament Monday by the appearance of an American visitor from Georgia, named J. F. Skinner, who stands seven feet seven inches high. Sir Howard Vincent, M. P., escorted the giant through both houses.

Death of Minister Yang Yu.

St. Petersburg, Feb. 18.—Yang Yu, the Chinese minister to Russia, died here Monday after a short illness. Yang Yu was formerly minister at Washington. He was transferred to St. Petersburg November, 1896.